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HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD: HIS LIFE AND TIMES.

BY HENRY KELLOGG WILLARD.

(Read before the Society, May 21, 1912.)

My father, Henry Augustus Willard, son of Joseph Willard and Susan Dorr Clapp Willard, his wife, was born in Westminster, Vt., May 14, 1822. He was one of eight children, seven of whom lived to mature age, and was the third son and one of five brothers, all of whom were at one time located in Washington. The other members of the family were Edwin Dorr Willard, born 1818, who died in Brooklyn, New York, in 1863. He was, at one time, associated with my father in the hotel business in "Willard's Hotel" and formerly kept the National Hotel in this city. At the time of his death, he was a Paymaster in the Army. The second of the family, Joseph Clapp Willard, was in active business with my father from 1853 to 1861, in the keeping of Willard's Hotel, and was, at the time of his death, January, 1897, sole owner of the Willard Hotel property.

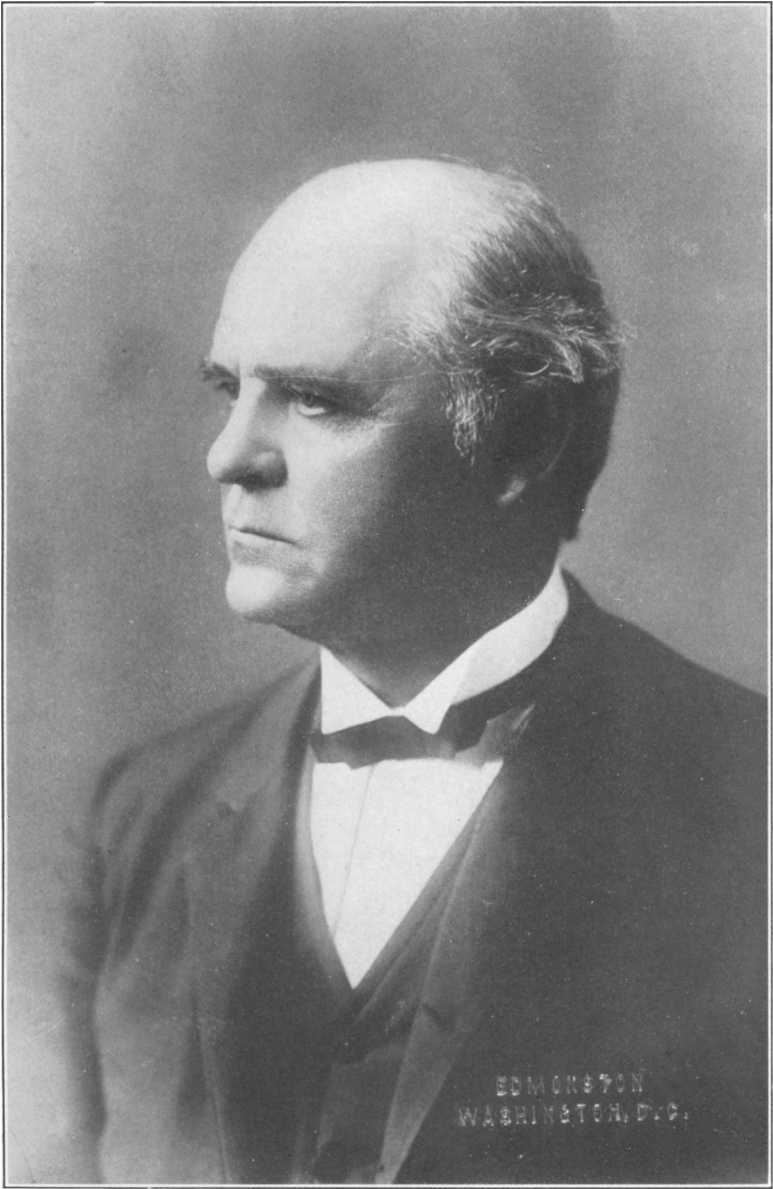
My father was the third member of the family. He was followed by two sisters—Mary Ann Willard, later Mrs. George E. Howe, of Brattleboro, Vermont, who died in North Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1905, and Susan Dorr Willard, later Mrs. George M. Dickinson, of Charlestown, New Hampshire, who died in Washington, December 18, 1907.

The sixth member of the family, Mr. C. Stevens Willard, who was employed by my father at one time

in Washington, was a farmer in his native town of Westminster, where he died in April, 1906. The youngest of the family, the late Caleb Clapp Willard, was the owner of the Ebbitt House and the Adams Building, and one of the largest owners not only of "F" Street real estate, but one of the largest owners of realty in the entire city of Washington. He was born at Westminster, Vermont, in August, 1834, and died in Atlantic City, where he had gone to seek restoration of health, August 2, 1905.

My grandfather Willard was a New England farmer of thrift, industry and integrity, but a man of very limited means, and all the children, at an early age, were taught the necessity of earning their own livelihood. On this account, my father's opportunity for securing an education was of necessity very limited. When a boy, he attended Walpole Academy, which was fully three miles distant from his father's home in Westminster, and he was obliged to walk both to and from school even in the severest weather, except for the rare instances when he received a "lift," as they say, from an accommodating traveller.

When my father was about sixteen or seventeen, he was obliged to leave Walpole Academy to earn his living. His father secured for him a position of general utility, or all-around man or clerk, in a Mr. Baxter's store in Bellows Falls, Vermont. This was considered a very good opening for a boy of his age, and he availed himself of the opportunity offered and, by his ability, became very useful to his employer and a most efficient clerk. One day, after he had been some months in the store, the son of his employer, young Baxter, who was a very supercilious, overbearing young man, demanded of him in a most peremptory and exasperating manner that he black his boots. This my father politely, but



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positively, declined to do; but he immediately went to his employer, Mr. Baxter, Sr., and said: "I give up my job and resign from your store." This his employer regretted very much, because the young man had become most essential to him in carrying on the business. However, my father was determined, and this little incident of his refusing to black young Baxter's boots was one of the turning points in his career. It was a fortunate incident for him.

Immediately my father secured a position as a night clerk in Chase's Hotel in Brattleboro. This was a position requiring hard work and great endurance; for it was necessary to sit up the greater portion of the night, to be on hand when the stages (for it was then before the day of railroads) arrived and departed, to welcome incoming and see to the departure of the outgoing guests. After being employed for some time in this position, my father, at the suggestion of his brother Joseph, then working in a hotel in Troy, New York, came to Troy and secured a position as steward on the Steamer Niagara, of the New York & Troy Hudson River Steamboat Line. This was a very important position for a young man to fill; but my father improved every opportunity and soon merited the regard and fullest confidence of the managers of the line, not only of the steamboat company, but also of wealthy citizens of Troy. He was entrusted with the duty of carrying money from the banks in Troy to the banks in New York City, and I have often heard him say that when his boat would arrive late at night, it was a perilous and dangerous undertaking for him, a young man, to transport the money from the steamer to the banks. Not caring to keep the money in his state-room over night, he would often, when the boat arrived at a very late hour, go immediately to the banking house. At

that hour of night, the clerks at the bank, who slept upstairs, would not come down and open the doors, not deeming it safe, but would, at a signal from him, let down a rope to the end of which a small pail was attached, and into this the packages of money and coin were deposited by my father; these would be pulled up by the clerk and taken into his window. My father was always very anxious that this money should be transported safely, and it can be said of him that not a dollar was lost. I remember his saying once that he was, very late at night, walking up Broadway on his way to the St. Nicholas Hotel, when, out of a dark side-street, two thugs appeared a few feet behind him and called out: "Hello, young fellow, stop there!" He did not reply, but started to run as fast as he could, and he said that he ran so rapidly you could have put a dollar on his coat-tails, they stood out so straight. He sprinted so fast that he out-distanced his pursuers and reached the St. Nicholas Hotel safely; but his swift run up Broadway that night was one of terror.

The first money which my father really earned outside of his salary—and he always alluded to this with a great deal of pride—was about \$2,000 which he made in a library venture on the boat. The plan of having a library originated with him and immediately took with the travellers, who were wealthy Troy and New York people. He bought the recent and best novels and periodicals of the day and rented them out to the steam-boat travellers at good rates.

While he was on the Steamer Niagara, of the New York & Troy Hudson River Line, my father met Miss Phoebe Warren, a very pretty daughter of one of Troy's most exclusive and best families. She was the fiancée of the late Mr. Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, of Washington, D. C., whom she afterward married. Mr. Tay-

loe was the owner of the old "City Hotel," at the corner of 14th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, which was in a very much run-down condition, and he had had great trouble in having it properly managed. He happened to remark to his fiancée, Miss Warren, that he wished he could find a suitable young man to take hold of the property. Miss Warren immediately answered: "Mr. Tayloe, I know just the young man you want—Henry Willard, the steward of this line." So it happened that my father came to Washington in October, 1847, first leasing Mr. Tayloe's hotel property and soon afterwards purchasing the same. I know that he felt a good deal of anxiety lest he should be unable to make the full payment on the property; but he had the good advice and assurance of an influential friend, Mr. John Payne, one of Troy's wealthiest citizens, and was encouraged to go ahead. So it was that, in October, 1847, my father founded "Willard's Hotel." He was the first of the Willard brothers, or, as he expressed it, "the original Jacob," to come to Washington. He started all his other brothers in business, two of whom—Joseph and Caleb—were money-makers and amassed great fortunes.

It is not generally, perhaps, understood that my father was the one who started those other two brothers on their careers to success, and this I desire to have perfectly understood; they owed their start in life to him. At one time, when my Uncle Caleb was in need of money, my father loaned him \$40,000 without any security whatsoever. Many years after, when his career was at its height, my uncle paid this in full.

When my father took over the old Willard Hotel property, it was known as the "City Hotel." It consisted of perhaps five or six old buildings fronting on Pennsylvania Avenue and 14th Street. These buildings my father joined together.

My father was the sole proprietor and owner of the old Willard's Hotel from 1847, when it was founded, to 1853. In this latter year, my uncle Joseph returned from California without a dollar, and my father took him in as full half-partner in the business, and half owner of the property, without his paying anything whatever for this privilege. He was made in every way an equal partner with my father.

Soon other additions to the property were made, notably the property belonging to the late Col. James Kearney on the southwest corner of 14th and "F" Streets, N. W. This property, purchased by my father, consisted of the old Kearney mansion and a large garden adjoining the property of the Presbyterian Church. The latter piece of real estate they also bought, turning the church into a hall, known as the Willard Hall, which they connected with the hotel. The old Kearney house they demolished and, in its stead, built, in 1858, a large six-story addition to Willard's Hotel.

The eight years from 1853 to 1861 were years of prosperity for my father and his brother, in the keeping of Willard's Hotel. These were the days just preceding the Civil War and included the outbreak of that war, and, during this time, they made money rapidly. My father attended to the practical management of the hotel, while my uncle Joseph had charge of the books and the office. It used to be said of the latter that he could charge a man a good, round sum and yet do it in such a way that one not only would not take offence at the size of the bill, but would feel perfectly satisfied with it. The hardest part of the work fell upon my father, however. In those days, hotel keeping was very different from what it is now, and, at three o'clock almost every morning, my father would be called to go

down to the Center Market, where he would personally buy his provisions and supplies for the hotel. Then, at the meal hours, especially at the dinner hour, my father presided over the carving table in the ante-room, and personally did the carving. In this way, he saw to it that no waste occurred.

There were many notable dinners and functions during my father's active management of Willard's Hotel. The Willard brothers, at the completion of the remodeling of the hotel, with its new additions, gave a splendid banquet. My father felt that he would be called upon to make a speech at this banquet, which he believed would be very difficult for him to do. He was nervously embarrassed at the prospect; but he had a friend in the Hon. Edward Everett, who was a guest at the hotel, and who calmed his fears by saying: "Willard, don't you give yourself any concern about the matter. When you are called upon to speak, just get up and make your acknowledgments and leave the rest to me." So Mr. Everett responded eloquently to the toast which was given, relieving my father of all embarrassment in the matter.

Many notable personages were guests at the hotel, among them being the first Japanese Embassy which ever came to America, and Jenny Lind, when she made her first concert tour of America; in fact, her first concert in Washington, which was held at the National Theater, was under the management of my father's eldest brother, Edwin Dorr Willard. Lord and Lady Napier were also guests at the hotel, and there was a dinner given in honor of Lord Napier which was one of the most noted, if not the most famous, that had been given in Washington up to that date. Dion Boucicault, the famous comedian, was also one of the noted guests at the hotel.

During the last days of President Buchanan's administration and the early days of President Lincoln's first administration, which were stormy times for Washington, soldiers were constantly coming and going. I well remember my father saying how a regiment of soldiers would arrive from the field very late at night or early in the morning, and they would march out to the inner court of the hotel, where there was a fountain of clear crystal water, and refresh themselves by washing their dusty hands and faces.

My father was particularly kind and considerate to the soldier boys, especially those who came from his native state, Vermont. As an example of this: Two Vermont soldiers—young lads of about twenty or twenty-five, by the names of Ellis and Fairbrother—died on the battlefield. My father obtained permission to go through the lines and secure their bodies. At their own expense, he and my uncle had the remains of these two lads taken to Westminster, Vermont, and paid for their burial in the cemetery of their native town.

During the stormy war times, the Willard Hotel caught fire on several occasions. I remember once, when there was a slight fire in one of the upper stories, one of the guests rushed downstairs to my father, who was in the inner office at the time, and said in an excited manner: "Mr. Willard, the hotel is on fire! Where is it! Where is it!" My father, in a very calm way, rang for the bell-boy and said: "John, will you take the gentleman upstairs and show him the fire?"

The most serious fire occurred in the early part of 1861. At this period the Owen House property, which was leased by my father and his brother and connected with the hotel as a part of the Willard Hotel proper, was seriously damaged, for the blaze was most obstinate. It was extinguished only after heroic efforts by the Ellsworth Zouaves, who were fire-fighters.

By far the most notable guest in Willard's Hotel during my father's and uncle's management was President-elect Abraham Lincoln. The feeling between the North and the South was so bitter at that time in Washington and the surrounding country was so largely inhabited by those who were Southern sympathizers that President Lincoln's journey from Illinois to Washington, or, at least, the latter part of it, was fraught with great hazard. Most of you remember that he travelled through Baltimore secretly and in disguise and, very late at night, reached Washington, where he was driven directly to Willard's Hotel, entering the hotel by the side entrance on 14th Street, where my father received and welcomed him as his guest. He was accompanied by his private secretary and particular friend, Col. Ward Lamon.

When Mr. Lincoln first arrived, he found that his slippers had been overlooked, and he greatly needed a pair. My father had none large enough, for Mr. Lincoln had a very large foot. Nor did my father know of any slippers of adequate size in the hotel. He happened to think, however, of a pair of slippers belonging to my great-grandfather, Hon. William C. Bradley, who was a guest of my parents in their private home across the street; for they then lived in a double brick house which they had purchased on the site where the Willard building, now occupied by the Department of Labor, stands. My great-grandparent was most delighted to loan his slippers to such a distinguished personage; for he was a great admirer of President Lincoln, and, as he had a good, large foot, the slippers were found to fit Mr. Lincoln well. The President wore them for quite a while and, when they were returned, wrote a handsome note of thanks to my grandfather. On the back of one of those slippers my grandfather, in his own handwrit-

ing, made a correct transcript of the incident, and the slippers have come down as a precious heirloom to me.

At a later date, my father purchased of Col. Lamon, President Lincoln's spyglass, and it is also one of my cherished possessions.

At one time during the Civil War, the Union Flag on the top of Willard's Hotel was the only Union Flag flying on any building, except the Government Buildings, in the District of Columbia. Those who strongly sympathized with the Southern cause came to my father and demanded that the flag be taken down, even using threatening language to enforce their demand. He positively refused to yield. I want to say, and I say this in no spirit of fulsome flattery, that I think that incident made my father a hero of whom the town of Westminster, where he was born, as well as the National Capital, where he resided so many years, should be proud, for in reply to their threats he said, very firmly: "No, that flag shall not come down." And the flag remained there.

My father was a member of a committee of one hundred to look after order and suppress riots in Washington. In July, 1861, up to which time he had led a very active business life and felt the need for rest, he retired from active business, he and my uncle leasing the hotel property to Sikes Chadwick & Company who kept the hotel quite successfully and made a great deal of money, although, I believe one, if not both members of the firm, died in poverty.

In 1863, my father, at the suggestion of his intimate friend, Mr. George Clark, of New York City, went to Hudson, New York, and purchased a farm about a mile from that city. This he held for two years. It was really intended as a summer home only; but my mother and I remained there quite late in the fall and even

until the early winter. At the end of this period we removed to Washington and boarded for a time at the old Speiden House which was located on "F" Street, N. W., and which was west of the Winder Building. My father then purchased a place on Allen Street in the city of Hudson where we lived the greater part of two years. In 1867, however, this latter place was sold and, in 1868, we came as a family to Washington again, where we remained continuously, except for summer vacations, during the remainder of my parents' lives.

Perhaps it is well here to speak of the different homes we had in Washington. My father first brought my mother, as a bride, in November, 1855, to a house on "K" Street, opposite Franklin Square, located on the site where the last home of the late Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, now stands. This property was owned by a Mr. Smoot who had some difficulty in completing it, and my father purchased it in an unfinished state. After living here awhile, he found that this home was too far from his business, as his active work in the management of Willard's Hotel required his being up very early in the morning and often necessitated his working until late at night, so that the coming and going back and forth from "F" to "K" Streets, was too much of a tax upon his strength. My parents therefore removed to the old Willard Hotel proper, where I was born, October 20, 1856.

A few years later, my father purchased three brick houses on the east side of 14th Street, where the Willard building, occupied by the Department of Labor,¹ now stands. Two of these houses he remodeled into a double house and my first remembrance of it, as a child, was that it was an attractive and lovely home, as any home over which my mother presided would be. Our

¹ This building is now (1917) occupied by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, office of Public Roads and Rural Engineering.

next-door neighbor on the east was Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton.

About 1868 my father built the house No. 1337 "K" Street, N. W., where we lived for several years. Hon. George M. Robeson, who was then Secretary of the Navy, was very anxious to secure this place as his residence, and my father, at his instance, rather reluctantly rented the same to him about 1871 or early in 1872, going to board with my uncle Caleb, who was then keeping the Ebbitt House; but, after boarding for six weeks, although we were surrounded with every comfort, my father again longed for his own home.

Adjoining the Robeson House was a double lot on "K" Street, of fifty feet frontage by one hundred forty-seven in depth, which was connected with the Robeson House as a garden. I can remember how fine were the grapes, pears and other fruits which were grown in this beautiful spot. My father built half of his present home on the east portion of this garden, completing the same in 1873. This was his home for the last thirty-six years of his life.

In 1893 my father erected a substantial addition to this home, taking in the other part of this original garden and thus making the present double house which was our Washington home for so many years and is my Washington home today. Here, my parents, who were of a generous, whole-souled nature, dispensed a charming hospitality.

We were a most united family of three. From this house I went to my marriage in 1901, and in this home two of my children were born and two of my children baptized. In this home my dear mother passed on to life eternal in the early morning of November 3, 1909.

In 1880 my father went, at the suggestion of some friends, to Nantucket, Massachusetts, and in 1881 pur-

chased an old house on Orange Street near the Unitarian Church. This house was built in 1723, and here my parents and I passed our summers for nearly thirty years.

I believe I might divide my father's life into the following periods: First, his early home life: He was, as a boy, a most affectionate and dutiful son. In his early boyhood he was of great assistance to his father in helping manage and carry on the farm. He was always willing to do any work that his parents asked of him and to do the household chores such as always fall to the lot of sturdy New England farmer boys. In this way, not only did he help to support the family, but by his untiring industry, laid the foundation of a character which, in later years, made him a most noble and whole-souled man. After he had established himself in business, he paid up most if not all of the mortgage on his father's farm.

Next, I should speak of my father's married and home life. This was ideal. He was not only a most devoted and loving husband, but also a most generous and kind-hearted father. From my earliest recollection, he and my mother in their Washington home always dispensed generous hospitality. The latch string of welcome was always out to rich and poor alike and to the stranger within the gates. This was exemplified when many of his friends and even those whom he did not know well came from Vermont to Washington in the early days of the war. My father's home on 14th Street, opposite the hotel, was invariably filled with relations and guests, and he did everything to make his friends welcome and happy.

Prior to his marriage, when he first came to Washington, he attended St. John's Episcopal Church, at the time when Dr. Pyne was the rector there. Although

never a communicant of that church, my father was a regular attendant at St. John's whenever his business duties would permit and many years ago purchased Pew No. 80. Because of my mother's interest in the Unitarian Faith, however, he became interested in that church and was glad to attend the services with her.

In the early seventies, the pastor of the old Unitarian Church was Rev. Frederick Hinckley and, with him as pastor, the church finally dwindled in numbers and became hopelessly involved in debt. Many became dissatisfied with him and the result was that a new society—the present All Souls'—was formed. My parents were the chief organizers and supporters of this new Society, its first meetings being held in the parlor of our "K" Street home about 1873. Then my father hired, at his own expense, the old Willard Hall, and here the new society worshipped for quite awhile.

My father asked the Reverend Dr. Henry W. Bellows to come from New York and help, by his preaching, to start the new society, but as Dr. Bellows could not do this he sent his son, Rev. Russell N. Bellows, a most efficient organizer, and he put the society on a good foundation. He was its first pastor and spent much of his time at my parents' home. In fact, our house was really the parsonage of the new All Souls' Society; for there were many visiting ministers who came to preach during the winter months and most, if not all, of these were entertained by my parents in our "K" Street home. The late Mr. William C. Murdock read the service and conducted the first religious meetings of this new society in the parlor of our home.

At last, the remnant of the old society said to the Trustees of the new All Souls' that, if we would pay their debts, we might take their church. The result of this was that my father, who was chairman of the

Board of Trustees of the new society, succeeded in selling the old church property to the District Government for a police court at the price of a little over \$19,000. It was then decided to build a new church. My father was made chairman of the Building Committee and it was due to his efforts, aided by the late Rev. R. R. Shippen, that the present All Souls' Church was erected. To the approximate \$20,000 which the new society received from the sale of the old church property, he succeeded, in addition to his own subscription, in raising approximately \$15,000 more. This made a total of \$35,000. Through the efforts of the Rev. Dr. R. R. Shippen another \$35,000 was raised through the American Unitarian Association of Boston, \$10,000 of this coming from the Winn fund. The present building and site on 14th and "L" Streets cost about \$70,000.

Just prior to the building of the new church I was a student at Yale College, New Haven, and my father, while on a visit to me there, happened to pass by the Davenport Congregational Church on Worcester Square in that City. Both the exterior and the interior of the church pleased him greatly and he secured the services of its architect, the late Mr. R. G. Russell, who became the architect of the new church. My father put his heart and soul into the work. Indeed, if it had not been for him, the present church edifice would not have been erected; for the Boston Unitarian Association, through its then president, Mr. Henry P. Kidder, declined to advance one dollar of the \$35,000 which they had agreed to pay, until the \$35,000, raised as above stated by the sale of the old church property and by individual subscription, had been paid in full so that the church proper could be dedicated free of debt. My father asked the Unitarian Association: "What guarantee do you want that the \$35,000 which I have agreed

to raise shall be raised? Will my own Government Bonds, left with you as a pledge, satisfy you?" The reply was that this would be satisfactory and he actually deposited his own Government Bonds with the Unitarian Association until every penny of the \$35,000 which was to be raised in Washington was actually raised. The present All Souls' Church was built under my father's personal direction and by the late Robert I. Fleming, the site having been purchased by my father and sold to the Trustees of All Souls' Church without any profit on his part.

The corner-stone of the new church was laid by the Masonic Fraternity in June, 1877, my father, as chairman of the Board of Trustees, supervising the preparation of the contents of the corner-stone box. The church edifice is filled with beautiful memorial windows and mural tablets.

My mother not only assisted in the church fairs and festivals with a generous hand, but did a large part of the sewing and the making, with her own hands, of the first church carpet.

Pew No. 19, which my father first selected, is still occupied by my family.

Some six weeks prior to my mother's death, a letter was received from one of the Trustees of the Church, making the first suggestion to us of a movement for a new church and requesting a contribution. This suggestion of disposing of the beautiful church building greatly distressed both of my parents and they sincerely hoped that the present church, as was the intention of its founders, would always remain a permanent home of Unitarian worship in our National Capital.

Soon after my parents' death, I installed two of the most beautiful windows in the church and a mural tablet to their memories. It is a source not only of

disappointment and regret, but of the keenest sorrow that the present beautiful church edifice, which could not have been built, except for the substantial aid given by my father, and which was built under his personal supervision and according to his plans, could not remain as a perpetual memorial to him. This church should be preserved the same as the Old South Church and King's Chapel are in Boston, not only in memory of my father, but because here was preached probably the last sermon of the late Rev. Edward Everett Hale and to him, also, the building should be held in sacred memory. This movement for a new church should not involve the demolition of this beautiful memorial. However, of the original families who composed the congregation in 1878, when the church was dedicated, the representatives of barely ten are left; so the protest of this small minority availed naught and, in a few years probably, this lovely building will be sold and demolished for commercial purposes.

I am one of the small minority who desire this present church to stand, although the majority have decided that a new church shall be built on Sixteenth Street.

Before concluding the mention of my father's connection with All Souls' Church, let me say that, with two ministers, the late Rev. R. R. Shippen, who was pastor of the parish for about fourteen years, from 1881 to 1895, and Rev. Bradford Leavitt, now of San Francisco, who was pastor of the church for three years, from 1897 to 1900, my parents enjoyed a most intimate personal friendship. Both were frequent visitors at our home, and Mr. Leavitt always lunched with us, informally, once a week.

My parents not only had no heart in, but did not approve of the new church movement, and I trust that I may be permitted to transfer the windows to their late

home, 1333 K Street, which I plan to keep as a permanent memorial to them.

Although All Souls' Church will, probably, in the course of a few years, be, to my sorrow, sold and demolished for business purposes, I am glad to feel that Garfield Hospital will have on its grounds a perpetual memorial to my parents in the form of the new Henry A. Willard Memorial Building which, on the fourteenth of May, 1912 (the ninetieth anniversary of my father's birthday), was, with appropriate exercises, dedicated. My parents both helped to found and were active workers in this Hospital, until their health began to fail. Even until the last, they maintained a personal interest in the welfare of this charitable institution. With Mr. Justice Samuel F. Miller, Mr. Reginald Fendall, Mr. J. Ormond Wilson and a few others, my father was, as I have said, one of the organizers of this noble charity. He was not only a member of the Board of Trustees, but, at the time of his death, Vice-President; and my mother was one of the founders and early supporters of the Ladies' Aid Association of the Garfield Hospital and, for many years, chairman of the committee which purchased its household supplies.

In connection with this charity, my father was, with the late Mr. Justice Miller, on the committee to secure a site. Finally, the decision lay between two locations, viz., the Columbian College grounds at Fourteenth and Euclid Streets, on a part of which the home of the late Mr. Justice Harlan now stands, and the present site, which was the home of the late Mr. Christian Schneider. When the late Mr. Thomas G. Fisher, who had the Schneider property for sale, took my father and Judge Miller out to view it, Judge Miller said: "There is no question in my mind; this is the site for me." My father answered that if the hospital did not want it he

would buy it on his own account. I believe the hospital made a fortunate and judicious selection.

In this connection I desire to pay my tribute of respect to my father's friend, the late Mr. Justice John M. Harlan, who, as President of the Board of Trustees, directed the early construction of the Henry A. Willard Memorial Building, the completion of which was made possible through my parents' forethought and generosity. Judge Harlan's work in regard to the hospital was untiring and self-sacrificing, and it is greatly to be regretted that he could not have lived to see the building completed in memory of his friend.

Of my father's public life I would say that, as a friend of the late Governor Shepherd, he was in the early seventies prevailed upon to become associated with Governor Shepherd as a member of the Board of Public Works. He was later vice-president of this board, Governor Shepherd being president. He was thus actively associated with the late Governor Shepherd in building the new and modern Washington and in transforming the old city into the present beautiful one. Through the courtesy of Dr. William Tindall, Secretary to the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, I have obtained a statement of the official services of my father in the city of Washington. The municipal records, Dr. Tindall tells me, show that my father was:

1. A member of the Board of Health of the city of Washington, D. C., by appointment of Mayor Sayles J. Bowen, from June, 1869, until June, 1871, from the Second Ward of that city.

2. A member of the Board of Health of the District of Columbia, appointed March 15, 1871, by President U. S. Grant, and was elected treasurer of that Board April 13, 1871, but declined to act in either capacity.

3. A member of the Board of Public Works of the District of Columbia, by appointment of President U. S. Grant, from May 22, 1873, until June 20, 1874, and vice-president of that board from September 13, 1873, until the abolition of that board by the Act of Congress of June 20, 1874.

4. One of the three assessors appointed by the Board of Temporary Commissioners of the District of Columbia, August 8, 1874, under Section 4 of the Act of June 20, 1874, creating the temporary commission government for the District of Columbia, as an expert in property values, to revise the assessment of real and personal property in the District of Columbia.

5. One of the Assessors appointed to condemn the land and improvements purchased by the Government in condemnation proceedings as a site for the new Library of Congress.

When my father came to Washington in 1847, the city was a small, unkempt and for the most part unpaved, municipality of scarcely forty thousand inhabitants. He lived to see it the most beautiful city in America, with a population of over three hundred and twenty thousand. It was a source of pride and joy to him that he had been associated with his friend, Governor Shepherd, in this transforming process. While a member of the Board of Public Works, the parking system was under the special direction and supervision of my father. Prior to the municipal government of the Board of Public Works, under the old city government of a mayor and a common council, cattle of every description, even including hogs, were allowed to roam at large through the city streets and to browse and burrow in unoccupied and unfenced property. I can remember, when I was a little boy of seven or eight, being afraid to go to school because forced to

pass near cows which I imagined were of a vicious character. About the time the Board of Public Works was established, or soon thereafter, my father met Senator Edmonds, then Senator from the State of Vermont, and now a resident of Pasadena, Cal., in the market one morning. The Senator was in a very angry mood, and exclaimed: "Willard, I am going to introduce a bill to have the Capital removed!" My father expressed his surprise when Senator Edmonds told him that he had just had the front of his residence on Massachusetts Avenue nicely put in order, with the grass mown and hedges trimmed when, the night before, an old sow, roaming the streets at large, had entered through an unlatched gate and during the night had burrowed through the entire yard, making it a scene of utmost destruction. Then the Senator added: "If laws of this kind prevail in your municipal government here it is time that the Capital be moved, and I am in favor of it." My father protested, saying that if Congress would only pass an effective law there would be no need of this radical change. Senator Edmonds answered: "Mr. Willard, if you will have prepared the proper bill for preventing animals from running at large in this place, I will see to it that it is introduced and passed in Congress." The result was the stringent laws prohibiting cattle from roving the streets of Washington at large.

My father laid out the first city parks on "K" Street, extending from Ninth to Seventeenth, and superintended the first planting of trees in that park. This parking system, which was first started in "K" Street, was the beginning of the extensive parking system which has contributed so largely to the great beauty and attractiveness of our National Capital.

After Governor Shepherd had done the greater part

of his work came the unfortunate investigation by Congress and later his financial embarrassment. As a result of the investigation, Governor Shepherd and all the members of the Board of Public Works came out with a clean sheet.

With the abolishment of the Board of Public Works, my father's public life in Washington ceased, but not so his active business career. Before touching on this, however, let me say here that, as Governor Shepherd's staunch friend, my father, in his time of need, responded quickly to his appeal for assistance, and at the meeting of the creditors he was the first to insist that Governor Shepherd should have all the time he wanted to make good his debts. Prior to this my father had helped Governor Shepherd in his financial embarrassment.

For sixteen years my father was president of the Columbia Railway, from 1873 to 1889, when by reason of ill health he resigned. This was when the Columbia Railway was a one-horse affair; but under his management it became a two-horse system and the road was entirely relaid with double tracks. This was before the days of electricity.

In 1867 my father was one of the organizers of the National Savings Bank and became its first president. With this bank he was associated for forty-two years as a stockholder of considerable amount and as one of its trustees and directors. He was also vice-president of the National Metropolitan Bank for many years, during the presidency of the late John W. Thompson, Esq., and in the growth of both these institutions he assisted much by his personal influence and substantial aid.

I graduated from the Columbian Law School in 1881, after having graduated from Yale two years previous.

Soon I discovered that my taste was for a business career and not for the practice of law. My father, therefore, turned to a friend, Mr. B. H. Warner, saying: "Can you not secure a place for Harry in your real estate office?" Mr. Warner replied that he could do better than that, as there had been talk of organizing a new insurance company. The result of this conversation was that my father became one of the founders of the Columbia Fire Insurance Company on my account. He was made its president and I its secretary for nearly eleven years, from its organization in June, 1881, until the company moved its office from the Kellogg Building in January, 1892. On my account, although past fifty-nine years of age, my father put his whole soul into the work, and during his management no insurance company in the District probably had a better record for business prosperity than the Columbia. During the eleven years above stated the stock of the company rose from five dollars a share to nearly eighteen dollars a share, and beginning with a capital of \$100,000 we left the company with a surplus of \$125,000. It was a source of keen regret to my father that his successors in the management should have seen fit to have dissolved the company, when of such good standing.

My father was also interested in the American Security and Trust Company, and was one of its early stockholders and a member of its board of trustees until the time of his death. He was also a member of the board of trustees of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, and, for some time, of the old Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company, being thus actively engaged in many growing local interests up to and long past his eightieth birthday.

My father was of most kindly and charitable disposition, and to many of the poor people he liberally gave

charity with his right hand, of which his left knew nothing, and this was always in a most unassuming and unostentatious manner. No deserving person ever was turned away from his door. I well remember how once, through one of the public charities, he ascertained the name and home of a very poor colored family on Capitol Hill. He personally visited them, that he might assure himself that the facts, as stated, were true. He found that they were in dire need and helped them with a liberal supply of food, fuel and other necessities. This is only one of his personal acts of kindness and generosity; however, they are more in number than I can remember or relate.

The birth of the first grandchild, my elder son, which occurred in my parents' home on "K" Street on September 20, 1902, gave infinite delight to my father. He was the first one to hold the baby in his arms and to wrap him in his nice warm blanket. It was an additional joy to have this baby bear my father's name. When the little fellow was not quite four months old he was taken desperately ill with double pneumonia. On this occasion my parents' anxiety and solicitude knew no bounds and his recovery gave them both unmeasured joy. Except for a few weeks the baby always remained an inmate of my parents' home. They could not bear to part with him, and their home was his until they passed away.

My father was a great collector of autograph letters. It was his recreation to make valuable collections, and he had in his possession the autographs of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence, with the exception of one. He was also a great lover of music, although not an actual musician, and fond of fine paintings and statuary. The walls of his "K" Street home are adorned with many exquisite scenes.

My father's health began to fail when he was about eighty years of age, when he was afflicted with cataracts on both eyes; but, notwithstanding this he kept in active touch with all his business interests, going daily to his office until past eighty-seven. After his eightieth birthday he erected no less than seven buildings, which I think was quite remarkable for one of his years; they included the new Willard Building on the site of our old home on Fourteenth Street, next adjoining the Ebbitt House and now occupied by the Department of Labor; the Occidental, next to the New Willard Hotel, and the new addition to the Kellogg Building, at 1422 "F" Street; also three dwellings in the northeast section of the city and a brick house, No. 1320 "L" Street, Northwest.

In already enfeebled health he survived my dear mother only by one short month. Grief for the loss of the dear wife and helpmate hastened his end. On Thursday, December 2, when my mother's body was laid in her last resting place, my father attended the ceremony and, two days later, he gently and peacefully passed to life eternal.

My parents' lives were so closely interwoven one with the other that a sketch of the life of one would not be complete without a brief mention of the dear wife and mother, who was so much to both my father and myself.

My mother, Sarah Bradley Kellogg, was born in Saxton's River, Vermont, on August 17, 1831, the daughter of Judge Daniel Kellogg and Merab Ann Bradley, his wife. My grandfather Kellogg was one of the judges for a long time of the Supreme Court of the State of Vermont. Previous to his going on the bench he had a good legal practice in the village of Saxton's River.

When a mere infant of nine months, my grandparents

brought my mother to my great-grandparents' home in Westminster and left the baby there for a space of time. During their absence she so endeared herself to the hearts of her grandparents, Hon. William C. Bradley and Sarah Richards Bradley, his wife, that they could not bear to part with the little one, and so postponed her homecoming indefinitely. The result was that my mother was reared by her grandparents in Westminster, Vermont, and made her home there until the date of her marriage, at the age of twenty-four, on November 6, 1855. She was reared in all the essentials of good New England housewifery; for my great-grandmother was an excellent cook, and my mother, at an early age, became skilled in the culinary art. Besides doing the many domestic duties of the household and caring for her grandparents, she was likewise taught to sew and was given the advantages of the best educational facilities the town afforded. When a young lady at the age of sixteen or seventeen, she spent some time with her aunt, Mrs. Susan Dorr Bradley, of Brattleboro, Vermont, and there became a student in a young ladies' school, of which the master was Rev. Addison Brown, ably assisted by his wife.

My great-grandmother Bradley was a Unitarian in belief and my mother's aunt was also a loyal Unitarian; so it was that, both by heredity and environment, my mother naturally embraced the Unitarian faith, which she subsequently, by inclination and by study, joined. Before going to Brattleboro my mother had attended the Unitarian Church in Walpole, New Hampshire.

When my father brought her as a bride to Washington, in November, 1855, he was actively engaged as proprietor and half owner of the old Willard Hotel. Without repeating what I have already said in the brief sketch of my father's life, I would add that my mother

soon became actively engaged in the work of the old Unitarian Church, which was then located on the corner of Sixth and "D" Streets, Northwest, and remained a member of that congregation until the new All Souls' Church Society was formed, of which both she and my father were among the principal founders, he having withdrawn from the Episcopal Church soon after my baptism to attend the Unitarian services with her.

In all the phases of my dear mother's life—her home, charitable and religious life—she exemplified the highest type of American womanhood. With my mother it was not only a duty but a pleasure to cheerfully and promptly accede to every wish expressed by my father. She even was anxious and always on the alert to anticipate his every wish. Hers was a broad and generous nature, self-sacrificing always for the sake of her husband and her son.

During her long life in Washington she was identified with many charities of a public character. She, with my father, was for a long time interested in the Columbia Hospital for Women at the time when their friend, Dr. P. J. Murphy, was physician in charge; they were also associated on the board of the Industrial Home School; but of all the charities none commanded their special interest as much as Garfield Hospital, of which they were among the founders. It is a special satisfaction to me that the Henry A. Willard Memorial Building which was suggested by my dear mother and provided for in her will should be built and her wishes carried out, to promote the welfare of this institution in which both she and my father had so much heart.

Of the fifty-four years of my parents' happy married life, thirty-six were spent in the "K" Street home, which is sacred to me by so many hallowed associations.

My mother was well versed in Latin and French and

was of invaluable assistance to me in my studies when at Emerson Institute, going over the lessons day by day, not only in Latin and French, but in other branches. During my six years' absence in New Haven—two years at the Hopkins Grammar School and four years at Yale College—my mother wrote me daily, encouraging me in my scholastic work, and but for her kindly encouragement I should never have succeeded in completing the college course and securing my degree. I treasure among my most priceless mementos these letters which I have carefully kept and intend to bequeath to my sons.

My mother was not only the devoted wife, but a most skillful nurse. In the summer of 1882 at our summer home in Nantucket Massachusetts, I recovered under my dear mother's care from a long and serious illness. My father was several times critically ill, once with typhoid, when his life was despaired of, and he always felt that his restoration to life was due to his wife.

When a distinguished oculist, just before my father's eightieth birthday, told my mother that my father was affected with cataracts on both eyes, my mother's sorrow was intense, and from that moment I noticed that her health slowly but surely and steadily began to fail. With the slowly diminishing eyesight on my father's part came increased feebleness, followed by a fall on his office steps, which caused him great pain and restless nights. My mother watched over him most tenderly, so much so that from loss of sleep and over-exertion, she suffered an acute paralytic stroke in 1906. From this, after a long illness, she rallied and was later able to go about her household duties almost with former energy.

My father and mother were very hospitable and were always glad to entertain their friends most generously. Following the reception given to members of the

Grand Army of Vermont and their families, on the occasion of their making an excursion to Washington under the leadership of Col. Henry O. Clark and the late Mr. Marsh, my mother was again stricken on November 1, 1908, this time very seriously, and for a year she remained an invalid. However, she bore her suffering, which I am sure at times must have been acute, with a sunny, cheerful disposition. Not a word of complaint or murmuring ever escaped her lips. Indeed, during her whole life she never spoke a cross word to a living being. During the last summer of her life she was really unable to make the journey to her Nantucket summer home, but putting self entirely aside (she never thought of self), as she knew it would be for the benefit of my father, my elder boy (who made his home with his grandparents) and myself, she undertook the trip, and even visited Walpole, New Hampshire, and her old home in Westminster, Vermont, returning to Washington late in September. During October she was able to be wheeled in a chair on several calm sunny days.

Early on the morning of November 3, 1909, just after the hour of midnight, she passed gently and quietly on to the life eternal. Her leaving us was, at the last, very sudden.

In the old cemetery in Westminster, Vermont, my dear parents are lying side by side, near my mother's old home and the home of her great-grandparents which I have restored as a memorial to her. Of all the memorials to my dear parents, none holds a greater interest for me than this home where she spent her unmarried life, where her marriage took place, and where fifty-six years later my wife and I celebrated the tenth anniversary of our marriage. On this occasion the Association of Oldest Inhabitants of the District of Columbia sent me a beautiful silver

Loving Cup by its Secretary, my friend, Mr. Benjamin Reiss, who made the trip to Vermont especially for this purpose. I was most pleasantly surprised by such a beautiful tribute of affectionate regard and my appreciation and gratitude are beyond words to express.

THE PRESIDENT: This biographical sketch, which has been told in such a beautiful, interesting and filial manner, has touched the sympathetic chord in us all. The paper, which is accuracy itself, is also one of great historical moment. It has data connected with it which goes with the early formation the building up of this city, and will be of inestimable value to the records of the Columbia Historical Society.

The paper is open for discussion. Is Dr. William Tindall present?

REMARKS OF DOCTOR WILLIAM TINDALL.

DR. TINDALL: Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to add anything to the very elaborate paper to which we have just listened. I did not expect to be called upon tonight because I saw on the circular that Mr. Clark and Mr. Bryan were to address the meeting. When I was informed later that perhaps I might be called upon, I thought it might be very late in the evening, at a time when there was nothing left to be said, because I feel I have nothing much to say.

I was a very great admirer personally of Mr. Willard. I first became acquainted with him about 1868, I think, when he was a member of the Board of Health of the city of Washington, and attached to the office of Mayor Bowen. He then became a member of the Board of Health by appointment of President Grant, but for personal reasons he did not care to continue.

I do not think he held any other office under the Government until 1873, when Governor Shepherd became Governor. Just before, Jay Cooke & Company failed on account of their endorsement of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and failed to meet the interest on the bonds, and Governor Cooke resigned in September, 1873. Governor Shepherd then took his place as Governor of the District of Columbia, and continued as such until June 20, 1874, when he was legislated out of office.

From about the last of September until June 20, 1874, Mr. Willard was Vice-President of the Board of Public Works, and I am sure he administered the office entirely to the satisfaction of all concerned. I never heard any complaint about him.

The principal interest that Mr. Willard took in public affairs, so far as I know, and the one which was the most effective, was as a member of a very celebrated trio. The three of them were Mayor Bowen, the Honorable John Sherman and Mr. Willard. In the last year of Mayor Bowen's administration he bought a house on K Street, which, I think, is the most westerly of those houses that have partly brown stone fronts. I remember he told me he gave \$25,000, which was quite a price in those days for a house of that kind.

K Street was very dusty, and the Mayor complained several times to me of the dust, and how to avoid it; finally he told me that he and Mr. Willard and Mr. Sherman had concluded to have the street parked. Their intention was to park it in the street, in the carriage-way. As it was carried out it was parked next to the sidewalk, between the sidewalk and the carriageway and the sidewalk and the houses.

While they were discussing that I remember Mr. Sherman came into the office one afternoon. He was then, I think, in the House of Representatives. The bill

they drew up provided only for parking in the middle of the street. The Mayor spoke to me about it and showed me the bill. I had recently been to Jacksonville, Ill., and to Springfield, and I was very much impressed by the parking on the sides of the streets there, just as it now is all over Washington. I suggested to the Mayor they might amend that bill by putting an alternative clause in it to make it applicable to sides of the street as well as to the middle. So the Mayor spoke to Mr. Sherman, and Mr. Sherman had the bill amended accordingly. Mr. Willard was finally one of the principal persons who had the bill passed through the Councils, to have the street parked.

That is about as much as I remember of the personal interest Mr. Willard took in the public affairs that came under my observation. I am glad to make that testimony to his zeal.

I always remember him as a very genial man and I also remember Mrs. Willard. I always thought that Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Bowen, the wife of Mayor Bowen, were two of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. I saw them at the time, of course, when I was quite a young man and I was more impressed by personal beauty than I am now, but my recollections are that they were ladies of great personal beauty and exceeding grace of manner. I am glad to make this testimonial.

REMARKS OF MR. ALLEN C. CLARK.

MR. CLARK: Mr. President, members and guests of the Society, Henry Augustus Willard lived in the city of Washington from the year 1847 to the year 1910. For sixty-two years the life of the city and the life of Mr. Willard ran parallel. The city still lives and will live as long as these United States are an independent nation among the nations of the earth. The influence

of the life of Mr. Willard will be until we know not when, as on the great waters a wave impels another on to the horizon and beyond.

This is not a memorial meeting. The Society meets in its proper province of making history of what is worth the making. Individual accomplishments that materially affect the people, and a sketch of him who accomplished it, are worth imperishable record. It is not my intention to bestrew panegyric. If he of whom I speak did that which was of public benefit the recital carries with it sequentially the praise. I may repeat what has been said—the repetition is only emphasis.

Mr. Willard loved Vermont, its hills free from riot, the state of sturdy sons, of seven months winter and five months fall. He came from the state of Vermont and his heart always went back to it. It is very fitting that the main paper of this evening should be by a worthy exponent of that state; and when I say worthy exponent I speak advisedly, because it was only yesterday that an editor of one of our leading papers was speaking on this subject, and I am quite sure that at two o'clock yesterday afternoon somebody's ears burned. The city Secretary, Dr. Tindall, the city Secretary not from the beginning, but very near from the beginning, notwithstanding his sprightliness and appearance of youth, has told of Mr. Willard's honorable connection with the Government. I have guessed what the various speakers would talk of. I have guessed that some might speak of that department of usefulness with which Mr. Willard was best known, and the name of Willard identified, the caring for the stranger within the gates. I have thought that some might speak of that financial institution which Mr. Willard had most at heart; I thought that Mr. Jones, to tell of it, would come from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. I

thought that the city's Historian, Mr. Bryan, in his own clarity of wording, would tell everything that everybody else omitted. But if anybody can guess on what distinctive line the speaker is speaking, he will outguess the speaker. I have a few sheets here of extemporaneous remarks, which I found could not be extemporized.

I make a digression that I did not intend to, drawn out by a remark of Mr. Willard's. He said Joseph Willard was a money-maker. That very likely is true; but I want to tell you of an incident, for the truth of which I cannot vouch. In the Hotel Willard there was an army officer who imbibed a great deal of champagne. In the course of time he had to depart, and he ordered his valet to pack the trunks. The valet tried, but there was much over-flowing. In this predicament he called for the proprietor of the hotel, and Mr. Joseph Willard responded. Mr. Joseph Willard tried to use his own expertness and he attempted to pack the trunk. He did almost get everything in the trunk, and was about to renew his efforts when the officer blurted out, "It is no use. If a man who can get a quart of champagne in a pint bottle can't pack a trunk, it can't be done."

I first heard of Mr. Henry A. Willard when I was a school-boy, when I, with bright "morning face," with my school books strapped and thrown across my shoulder, made the shortest distance in the longest time. I recall, as if only yesterday, that circulars had been distributed in the schools. I received one and during the recess I stretched myself upon the grass—the ease habit was even then chronic—and read the circular.

It had some "Poor Richard" philosophy—"Save dimes and have dollars"—"He who saves his money, keeps his nose off of the grind stone"—"Start right, keep right," something like that.

It was an invitation of the National Savings Bank, and Mr. Willard's name was on it as President. It impressed me; and on a Saturday not so long thereafter, from my most humble and remote home I trudged across the city. I took with me my newsboy's earnings, \$1.50, and entrusted it all to the keeping of Mr. Willard's company, one half in my brother's name, that he might have a sure foundation in life, and the other 75 cents to my own credit. To this day I have the bank book. It is numbered 2,025; but the 75 cents has long since been withdrawn. The initial date is February 3, 1872. That is forty years ago. From that time to this there have been sixty thousand additional depositors. The influence of that institution has tended to make tens of thousands saving and successful, provident and prudent. And saying that of the institution is saying the same of Mr. Willard, the founder. In speaking so praisingly of that bulwark of finance, I ought to say that I have no stock in it, and the quotation is so exalted I have not the slightest idea of ever acquiring any.

The next I saw Mr. Willard I was a clerk in the tax department. It was in the regime of the Board of Public Works. In the daytime, with the others in the office, I was busy taking the payments of those who came to pay. In the evenings I came to make a list of those who did not come to pay, to make it carefully, the names correct, the amount correct, the description correct, that the delinquent might not by some technicality overthrow the tax sale.

The captain of the watch at the doorway had a register. On that register nearly every evening was Mr. Willard's name and mine close together, his in a hand that resembled John Hancock's on the Declaration of Independence; mine the Spencerian system. Our names were on the register from different causes. Mine

had the exact minute of coming and going, that there might be a complete computation of the time, for I confidently expected to be paid for that special service. But the cities of republics, like the republics themselves, are ungrateful, and for that special service from that day to this I received neither recompense nor regard.

Mr. Willard came from a luxurious home; denied himself repose that the public might not be neglected. His part was unselfish.

The National City is pitched upon the most beautiful spot of nature. Standing upon the heights of Georgetown, the panorama—the city encircled by majestic hills and the magnificent river—caused a father to exclaim: “The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.”

Natural advantages are nothing without availment; there must be thoroughfares and conveniences. The Board of Public Works decided the city should have them all at once. The vast undertaking involved variety and intricacy. Streets and avenues were to be cut or filled—all to a more uniform grade; carriageways were to be paved and foot walks and alley ways. Sewers were to be constructed and water mains laid and parking perfected. This involved numerous contracts, much bookkeeping and constant supervision. Why did Mr. Willard and his associates come at night? I guess it was the financiering. For such financiering as that of the Board of Public Works was never known before and likely will never be again. The manipulations of Wall Street to that of the Board aforesaid were as the primer to the sixth reader, or simple addition to algebra. If ever I mastered the knowledge of the way they did it, I would get my tongue twisted in trying to tell it. The Board issued all sorts of obligations to pay the contractor and even issued statements of account

which passed current at a market rate. I heard Governor Shepherd say that he would not acknowledge that they over-stepped the law, but they got very close to the edge.

Each member of the Board had a distinctive province. Colonel Magruder was the Treasurer. He was never where a Treasurer might be expected to be. His elusiveness had excuse. There was an abundance here-about which equalled that of the valley in Italy—"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brook in Vallombrosa." The abundance here consisted of debtors and duns.

Governor Shepherd kept the minds of the legislating moguls diverted from the main issue; that is, he gave them divertisement by dinners and drives, while they passed appropriation and authority for bond issues. Governor Shepherd would knock down and leave the Vice-President to pacify the injured. Mr. Willard was the Vice-President. Mr. Willard was the pacifier. I recall one instance. The Board directed an extreme cut in the grade of Seventh Street. The merchants on that important business thoroughfare called a mass meeting to proclaim against the outrage. Governor Shepherd was to meet them. He asked Mr. Willard to be there with him. Mr. Willard found himself there by himself, as far as the Board of Public Works was concerned. He was equal. In his calm way he pointed out to the property owners the benefits, the greater benefits, to come that would many times compensate them for the present discomforts. In short, the disgruntled went their ways contented.

Finally, I was acquainted with Mr. Willard in a social more than in a business way. Mr. Willard had a hobby. To recreate himself from the strain of affairs he made an autographic collection. He conceived the idea from

the signatures of the notables upon his hotel register. He gave his hobby that same energy and enterprise and intelligence that he did his business. It is a hobby of culture. It made him happy. It is said no man is happy without a hobby, and the comprehensiveness of Mr. Willard's must have made him very happy. Indeed it did; he told me so. His autographic galaxy is perhaps as important as any in the United States, and most likely it is the largest. There are hundreds, there are thousands of examples. They embrace the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Presidents, their Cabinets, Washingtonia, the L'Enfant Memorial School, the eminent in state, in army, in navy, in education, in every way. In my mind it is an item for civic pride that the city had a citizen with this collection. I speak of this collection because I attempted to catalogue it. While at this work I was with Mr. Willard at his home and I benefited by his gentility, geniality, and hospitality.

Mr. Willard did well; he did well in many ways. He arouses our admiration. He deserves an adequate tribute. I grapple for it; I have it. By a recent event a simple term has become glorious, and I use that—Mr. Willard, an American.

REMARKS OF W. B. BRYAN.

MR. BRYAN: Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, it is a fine tribute to a human life that is made from the love and affection of the human heart. We have been told tonight of the fidelity of Mr. Willard to his friends, and his fidelity to friendship. It seems to me that in these remarks which we have heard from his son, we find one of the finest memorials of that life in the genuine expressions, the sincere expressions of love and regard from one who knew him the best. It seems to me there can be nothing more enduring than that,

when we leave such an impress on the hearts of those with whom we were most closely associated; and I think that that is the fine monument that has been erected here by the filial love of his son.

Mr. Willard passed a busy life, stretched over a longer span than is allotted to most, and he was a successful man. But I doubt whether anything that he achieved will surpass what he has left in the heart and in the mind of his son. It is a noble tribute.

I was interested, as no doubt others were, in following this chain of the events in Mr. Willard's life, and noticing the different phases of it. There was one phase of it that specially impressed me, and that was the faith and confidence that Mr. Willard had in the future of this city. It was manifested in the most substantial way, because when he came here sixty years ago, he invested his first earnings in this city, and he continued to invest his surplus in Washington real estate.

In this generation and at this time it may seem something of an anomaly to speak of that as anything unusual. But it has only been in the last quarter of a century that Washington real estate has been at all desirable as an investment. I think the tendency was to appeal to men outside rather than to men who lived in the city and who knew most about it. It only emphasizes the wonderful change that has gone on in this city in the last quarter of a century, a change which has been vital and fundamental in the life of the city. It has brought the city out from a condition which we will say now was a reproach to the nation; but it was not then so regarded because the city has developed along with the national idea. The idea of this country as a nation has been a development since the war, and this city is one of the finest expressions to the flower of that sentiment.

But prior to that time the city was neglected; it was a troublesome proposition and there seemed to be no future. It was only a few minds that were able to see and believe that as the country developed the city would develop. Mr. Willard seems to have been one of those men; and I think it can be said to his credit tonight that we can place him in the ranks of the men who early recognized that Washington, as the capital of the country, was bound to be worthy to be the nation's capital.

REMARKS OF JUDGE CHARLES S. BUNDY.

I feel that it would be presumptuous in me if I rose with any expectation of adding greatly to the admirable tributes that have been paid to our late fellow citizen, the subject of this meeting. But to any man of average intelligence, who has lived in the city of Washington for the past 45 years and has watched the current of public sentiment, it is not difficult to say something about the character of Mr. Willard.

It seems to me, in speaking of it, that the Willard family belong especially to a very small class of men who were able to accumulate large fortunes without incurring criticism, without incurring the reputation for greed and avarice that was frequently, and I might almost say was generally, attached to the persons and reputation of men who have accumulated large fortunes. As I sat here tonight I asked myself why is this so, and I think the answer is apparent and will occur almost to any of us, that the Willards deserved all they got.

Most people, or very many people, get rich by leaps and bounds, and they get more than their share as they go along through life, and of course they appropriate what actually and in good morals and in equity belongs to less fortunate or less enterprising neighbors.

But the Willards did not accumulate their fortunes

that way. They succeeded as hotel keepers because they kept the best hotel in the city and charged moderate and reasonable prices. In every thing and in every enterprise they were vigilant, they were industrious, they were honorable, and while they made money they at the same time made friends.

It seems to me that one of the highest tributes that can be paid to Mr. Henry A. Willard is that he, during his long life, in all the fierce competitions with men who, like himself, were ambitious, passed through life without incurring any of these resentments, without being followed by envy and jealousy of disappointed rivals; and the highest tribute it seems to me that can be paid to him is that he accomplished that result. These other men who have gotten rich by over-reaching their neighbors have gone down to the grave, many of them, "unwept, unhonored and unsung." But how different is it tonight with Mr. Willard! We have listened tonight to one of the most affecting and one of the most eloquent, one of the most moving tributes I have ever listened to, coming from a dutiful son to his father and to his mother, and especially to his mother, and if Henry A. Willard in the sky above us could look down here tonight he would have thought that he had not lived in vain. We have here tonight, I venture to say, and I am proud to say, evidence that he has transmitted some of his most charming qualities to the second and third generation of those who have come after him; and my hope is that it will be perpetual and continue to the last generation of recorded time.

REMARKS OF L. P. SHOEMAKER.

MR. SHOEMAKER: For a few moments I cannot well refrain from saying a few words on this occasion. I cannot say I enjoyed the pleasure of an acquaintance

with Mr. Willard, Sr., but I have had the pleasure of an acquaintance with his son, and also with his good wife.

We have had many meetings of the Columbia Historical Society, quite a number of which I have attended, but none so unique, none so touching, none so intensely personal and historical as this, and I doubt very much whether we will have another like it.

Sentiment lies at the foundation, we might say, of everything in life. It lies at the foundation of even love, and love rules the world; of the relationship between husband and wife, and father and son; between man and woman and woman and man. Therefore it is eminently proper, I think, that this Society, standing for its purpose to record striking features which have occurred in the past in the District of Columbia as the home of our Government, that we should have been able on this occasion to have Mr. Willard recite so beautifully and so effectively and affectionately his feeling for his father and his mother and the history in which they took so important a part in the relationship of the District Government with the United States Government, I might say.

It was Sir William Gladstone, commonly called, although he never accepted that title, but it was Gladstone, the old English statesman, who said, "Give me a man in public life who will take honor and duty for his guide and not the mere purpose of the passing hour." I feel I am justified in saying here tonight that Mr. Willard exemplified more than was intended to be conveyed by Mr. Gladstone, because we feel that Mr. Willard exemplified greater qualities than were spoken of by Mr. Gladstone, by taking honor and duty for his guide not only in public life but in private life as well.